the music was improved. " Upon rny soul, it's better ! The [4] Guv'nor' was perfectly right."

His Danish march in " Hamlet," his Brocken music in "Faust," and his music for "TheMerchant of Venice " were all, to my mind, exactly *right.* The brilliant gifts of Clarke, before many years had passed, " o'er-leaped[>J] themselves, and he ended his days in a lunatic asylum.

The only person who did not profit by Henry's ceaseless labours was poor Ophelia. When the first night came, I did not play the part well, although the critics and the public were pleased. To myself I *failed. I* had not re-hearsed enough. I can remember one occasion when I played Ophelia really well. It was in Chicago some ten years later. At Drury Lane, in 1896, when I played the rnad scene for !Xelly Farren's benefit, and took farewell of the part for ever, I was just *damnable*!

Ophelia only *-pervades* the scenes in which she is con-cerned until the mad scene. This was a tremendous thing for me, who am not capable of *sustained* effort, but can perhaps manage a *cumulative* effort better than most actresses. I have been told that Ophelia has " nothing to do" at first. I found so much to do! Little bits of business which, slight«in .themselves, contributed to a definite result, and kept me always in the picture.

Like all Ophelias-kefore (aad after) me, I went to the madhouse to study %wits astray. I was disheartened at first. There was no'beauty, no nature, no pity in most of the lunatics. Straffge as it may sound, they were too *theatrical* to teach'me anything. Then, just as

I was going away, I noticed a young girl gazing at the wall. I went between her and the wall to see her face. It was quite vacant, but the body expressed that she was waiting, waiting. Suddenly she threw up her hands and sped across the room like a swallow. I never forgot it. She was very